

## Turning in the Age of Corona, Episode 28

March 13, 2021

Santa Cruz Woodturners

Revolving Industry, Multimedia, and Humor

We are approaching the auspicious convergence of (a) *The Celestial*: Spring Equinox and (b) *The Earthbound*: Santa Cruz Woodturners' monthly meeting, featuring **"A Morning with Mike Mahoney."** **Both are coming up Saturday, March 20.**

The President's Challenge of "Mutt and Jeff," a large and small project from the same wood...or something you see that way...is accumulating some intriguing entries. Deadline for a photo submission is Close of Shop Thursday, February 18. We'll unfurl images the entries at the beginning of our meeting!

Meanwhile, with longer days and slightly warmer shops, a lot of our members have been busy, and the shavings are assuring well mulched gardens for our reopening year!



**Tom Eovaldi** puts some finishing touches on a black acacia platter.

Tom and Marina have been "wintering in Santa Cruz" for several years, which makes a lot of sense if you live Northwest of Chicago. While here, in addition to teaching fellow turners, Tom has turned some remarkable pieces on the lathes of **Bill Arnold** and your pres.

I suspect Tom was a stickler for details when he was teaching Law at Northwestern, but he's even tougher on sanding scratches.

Tom claimed the President's Challenge prize for an inlaid bowl in January, and that's not likely his last commencement.

**Bill Hopkins**, a new SCW member whose yearn to turn seems to know no limits, has become a threat to any unattended stump in South County.

These three natural edge walnut bowls came from one such stump this week.

Bill's dog, however, doesn't seem all that impressed.



**Dwain Christensen**, our intrepid Secretary, spends a good deal of time online with his employer in Europe, but he's been amping up his turning output, too, in the slack time between time zones.

At the end of the day on Pacific Time, there comes a time to put down the gouge, turn off the lathe, and reflect upon the joy of spinning wood. Occasionally that merits a toast.

This is a wee, natural edge Dogwood bowl (no, that's not the same as a wood dog bowl), with two photographic features to gauge scale.

Dwain's good, but he did not turn the glass.

**Roy Holmberg** hasn't slowed down a bit since his intriguing multimedia steel-belted bowl demonstration in December. Recently he's been sawing blanks from a 100 foot downed tan oak trunk in his Bonny Doon back yard and also forging artistic forms in his Westside blacksmith shop.

He just delivered his **"Four Elements"** gong, featuring Earth, Wind, Fire, and Water...made of steel, air, light, imagination...and tasteful mischief.

It's heavier on the blacksmithing than the turning, but it sounds great with a custom turned gong bonger.



I've been expanding upon contemporary "Flat Earth" politicians' grasp of science with a recent binge of platters. This 19" laminated platter of salvaged teak merges with the Mutt and Jeff concept with little cups made from the 4 corners of the blank. WS



**Humor.** Well, wood will have its time, but our club has been indulging in an exchange of wits, too. After **John Wells** shared an innocent display, entitled, “You Know You’re a Woodturner If...” With proper homage to Jeff Foxworthy, who used that line in a more socially fringy meme, our members piled it on! Thank you, **Larry Dubia**, for compiling this expansive list of criteria and tossing in some Founder’s Wisdom for a bonus!

### You Might be a Woodturner if...

This is what your kitchen counter looks like in the morning (from John)



You might be a sneaky woodturner if you resisted putting beads, coves, spirals, whatever on the stool legs that would cry out, "Look, I made these beautiful, unique, weird stools myself."

Your firewood pile has bandsawed arcs on all the fuel.



You don't nag your wife about her supply of quilting fabric so she doesn't do the same about your wood pile.

You instantly go into echo-location mode the moment you hear a chain saw.

Your email inbox has more messages from Woodcraft, Penn State, Craft Supplies, and Rockler than it does from Amazon, Netflix, Lands End, and eBay.

There's a permanent trail of sawdust on the door mat from the garage/shop into the house.

You can argue for hours over sandpaper, grinding angles, or gouges vs scrapers—but still be friends.

You remember what club members brought to meetings but can't remember their names.

You floss your teeth with maple shavings.

Wedding gifts involve a trip to your workshop/studio instead of the mall. *(Sensible!)*

You pick up a turned object at a craft fair and covertly turn it upside down to see how it was parted off, then you run your fingers up the wall to check the thickness and evenness, but mainly look to see if the signature is from anyone you know.

Your spouse threatens divorce periodically over shavings in the house. *(Ouch!)*

You don't see trees for their beauty. Rather you see areas of the tree where a nice blank is hiding. *(Um, Larry, this is pretty harsh! WS)*

The number of turning chisels you own is more than you actually need but continues to grow. *(Well, those hungry Sorby, Hamlet, Taylor, and Carter children do need their porridge. WS)*

You suffer occasionally from "just one more cut" as you go through the wall of an exquisitely turned work. *(Triple ouch!)*

The shop floor doesn't look quite right without shavings and chips on it. *(So, when did you last actually see your floor? WS)*

You know the difference between a vacuum chuck and a vacuum pot *(and legal pot. WS)*

Your shirt pockets are full of chips.

You give some of your specialty tools cute names to justify them. (Big Dog Hollower)

Your wife plucks a cellulose curlique from your forelock and tells you that your stuffings are coming out.

Some of your projects make handles for the homemade tools you made from old screwdrivers, Allen wrenches, and files.

You go to woodturning symposia to see demos on things you may never try but look cool.

While at the symposium, you visit the vendor displays and buy a bunch of tools you didn't know you needed until the salesperson enriched your education.

You are constantly on the lookout for more wood even though you may have to build another storage place just to put it.

You are proud of the first pieces you turned because they show how far you've come in your quest for turning knowledge.

You visit other turners' shops mostly to see what they have and how they have it set up.

You rescue firewood with figure.

*And this rough one...* You are a *beginning* woodturner if you buy a lathe and think you're done spending money.

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One of the lines does bring up a more serious thought about seldom-used tools.

*You proudly display the array of tools you've collected, though you only use 5 or 6.*



A recent AAW perspective essay written by a venerable turner reflected upon “paying it forward,” remembering the encouragement and help all turners received in their early days before the ways.

Lots of new turners, especially in this bizarre stretch of American history, can't afford that shiny new \$135 M42 bowl gouge. That new turner probably doesn't need one, either, to learn the techniques that will blossom over a few years. If you have an older tool that's gathering dust, consider passing it along where it can recapture the delight of shearing wood into ribbons...and keep our club humming. -WS

OK, that's enough for now. Can't wait to see your happy faces on Zoom a week from now!

Don't waste the time between now and then...

...and keep your eyes open for wood on the ground!

Wells

Wells Shoemaker  
President, Santa Cruz Woodturners  
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Oh yeah, remember to turn your clocks forward tomorrow morning.